

Turne on the bloody Hounds with heads of Steele,
And make the Cowards stand aloofe at bay:
Sell every man his life as deere as mine,
And they shall finde deere Deere of vs my Friends.
God, and S. George, Talbot and Englands right,
Prosper our Colours in this dangerous fight.

*Enter a Messenger that meets Yorke. Enter Yorke
with Trumpet, and many Soldiers.*

Yorke. Are not the speedy scouts return'd againe,
That dog'd the mighty Army of the Dolphin?

Mess. They are return'd my Lord, and give it out,
That he is march'd to Burdeaux with his power
To fight with Talbot as he march'd along.
By your espys were discovered
Two mightier Troopes then that the Dolphin led,
Which ioyn'd with him, and made their march for

(Burdeaux)

Yorke. A plague vpon that Villaine Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were leuied for this siege.
Renowned Talbot doth expect my ayde,
And I am lowd by a Traitor Villaine,
And cannot helpe the noble Cheualier:
God comfort him in this necessity:
If he miscarry, farewell Warres in France.

Enter another Messenger.

2. Mess. Thou Princely Leader of our English strength,
Neuer so needfull on the earth of France,
Spurre to the rescue of the Noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waste of Iron,
And hem'd about with grim destruction:
To Burdeaux warlike Duke, to Burdeaux Yorke,
Else farewell Talbot, France, and Englands honor.

Yorke. O God, that Somerset who in proud heart
Doth stop my Cornets, were in Talbots place,
So should wee saue a valiant Gentleman,
By fortifying a Traitor, and a Coward:
Mad ire, and wrathfull fury makes me weepe,
That thus we dye, while remisse Traitors sleepe.

Mess. O send some succour to the distrest Lord.

Yorke. He dies, we loofe: I breake my warlike word:
We mourne, France smiles: We loofe, they dayly get,
All long of this vile Traitor Somerset.

Mess. Then God take mercy on braue Talbots soule,
And on his Sonne yong Iohn, who two houres since,
Imet in trauaile toward his warlike Father;
This seuen yeeres did not Talbot see his sonne,
And now they meete where both their lines are done.

Yorke. Alas, what ioy shall noble Talbot haue,
To bid his yong sonne welcome to his Graue:

Away, vexation almost stoppes my breath,
That hundred friends greete in the houre of death.
Lucie farewell, no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot ayde the man.

Maine, Blois, Poytiers, and Tournes, are wonne away,
Long all of Somerset, and his delay.

Mess. Thus while the Vulture of sedition,
Feedes in the bosome of such great Commanders,
Sleeping neglectiō doth betray to losse:
The Conquest of our scarce-cold Conqueror,
That euer-living man of Memorie,
Henrie the fift: Whiles they each other crosse,
Liues, Honours, Lands, and all, hurrie to losse.

Enter Somerset with his Armie.

Som. It is too late, I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by Yorke and Talbot,
Too rashly plotted. All our generall force,
Might with a sally of the very Towne
Be buckled with: the ouer-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his glosse of former Honor
By this vnhedfull, desperate, wilde aduēture:
Yorke set him on to fight, and dye in shame,

That Talbot dead, great Yorke might beare the name.
Cap. Heere is Sir William Lucie, who with me
Set from our ore-marcht forces forth for ayde.
Som. How now Sir William, whether were you sent?

Lu. Whether my Lord, from bought & sold L. Talbot,
Who ring'd about with bold aduerfitie,
Cries out for noble Yorke and Somerset,
To beate assaying death from his weake Regions,
And whiles the honourable Capitaine there
Drops bloody sweet from his warre-wearied limbes,
And in aduantage lingring looks for rescue,
You his false hopes, the trust of Englands honor,
Keepe off aloofe with worthelesse emulation:

Let not your priuate discord keepe away
The leuied succours that should lend him ayde,
While he renowned Noble Gentleman
Yield vp his life vnto a world of oddes.
Orleance the Bastard, Charles, Burgundie,
Alanson, Reignard, compasse him about,
And Talbot perissheth by your default.

Som. Yorke set him on, Yorke should haue sent him
ayde.

Luc. And Yorke as fast vpon your Grace exclaimes,
Swearing that you with-hold his leuied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lyes: He might haue sent, & had the Horse:
I owe him little Dutie, and lesse Loue,
And take foule scorn to fawne on him by sending.

Lu. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now intrapt the Noble-minded Talbot:
Neuer to England shall he beare his life,
But dies betraid to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come go, I will dispatch the Horsemen straight:
Within fixe houres, they will be at his ayde.

Lu. Too late comes rescue, he is tane or slaine,
For flye he could not, if he would haue fled:

And flye would Talbot neuer though he might.

Som. If he be dead, braue Talbot then adieu.

Lu. His Fame liues in the world. His Shame in you.

Exit.

Enter Talbot and his Sonne.

Tal. O yong Iohn Talbot, I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of Warre,
That Talbots name might be in thee reuiu'd,
When saplesse Age, and weake vnable limbes
Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chaire.
But O malignant and ill-boarding Starres,
Now thou art come vnto a Feast of death,
A terrible and vnauoyded danger:
Therefore deere Boy, mount on my swiftest horse,
And Ile direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sodaine flight. Come, dally not, be gone.

Iohn. Is my name Talbot? and am I your Sonne?

Shall

And shall I flye? O, if you loue my Mother,
Disshonor not her Honorable Name,
To make a Bastard, and a Slaue of me:
The World will say, he is not Talbots blood,
That basely fled, when Noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Flye, to reuenge my death, if I be slaine.
Iohn. He that flies so, will ne're returne againe.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to dye.
Iohn. Then let me stay, and Father doe you flye:

Your losse is great, so your regard should be;
My worth vnknowne, no losse is knowne in me.

Vpon my death, the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.

Flight cannot stayne the Honor you haue wonne,
But mine it will, that no Exploit haue done.

You fled for Vantage, euery one will sweare:
But if I bow, they'll say it was for feare.

There is no hope that euer I will stay,
If the first howre I shrinke and run away:

Here on my knee I begge Mortalitie,
Rather then Life, prefer'd with Infamie.

Tal. Shall all thy Mothers hopes lye in one Tombe?
Iohn. I rather then Ile shame my Mothers Wombe.

Tal. Vpon my Blessing I command thee goe.
Iohn. To fight I will, but not to flye the Foe.

Tal. Part of thy Father may be sau'd in thee.
Iohn. No part of him, but will be shame in mee.

Tal. Thou neuer hadst Renowne, nor canst not lose it.
Iohn. Yes, your renowned Name: shall flight abuse it?

Tal. Thy Fathers charge that cleare thee from y^e flaine.
Iohn. You cannot witness for me, being slaine.

If Death be so apparant, then both flye.
Tal. And leaue my followers here to fight and dye?

My Age was neuer tainted with such shame.
Iohn. And shall my Youth be guiltie of such blame?

No more can I be feuered from your side,
Then can your selfe, your selfe in twaine diuide:

Stay, goe, doe what you will, the like doe I;
For liue I will not, if my Father dye.

Tal. Then here I take my leaue of thee, faire Sonne,
Borne to eclipse thy Life this afternoone:

Come, side by side, together liue and dye,
And Soule with Soule from France to Heauen flye. *Exit.*

*Alarum: Excursions, wherein Talbots Sonne
is hemm'd about, and Talbot
rescues him.*

Tal. Saint George, and Victory, fight Souldiers, fight:
The Regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left vs to the rage of France his Sword.
Where is Iohn Talbot? pawse, and take thy breath,
I gaue thee Life, and rescu'd thee from Death.

Iohn. O twice my Father, twice am I thy Sonne:
The Life thou gau'st me first, was lost and done,
Till with thy Warlike Sword, despight of Fate,
To my determin'd time thou gau'st new date.

Tal. When frō the Dolphins Crest thy Sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy Fathers heart with proud desire
Of bold-fact Victorie. Then Leaden Age,
Quicken'd with Youthfull Spleene, and Warlike Rage,

Beat downe Alanson, Orleance, Burgundie,
And from the Pride of Gallia rescued thee.

Theirefull Bastard Orleance, that drew blood
From thee my Boy, and had the Maidenhood

Of thy first fight, I soone encountred;
And interchanging blowes, I quickly shed

Some of his Bastard blood, and

Bespoke him thus: Contain

And mis-begotten blood, I

Meane and right poore, for

Which thou didst force from

Here purposing the Bastard

Came in strong rescue. Spee

Art thou not wearie, Iohn? F

Wilt thou yet leaue the Bat

Now thou art seal'd the Son

Flye, to reuenge my death w

The helpe of one stands me i

Oh, too much folly is it, we

To hazard all our lines in on

If I to day dye not with Fre

To morrow I shall dye with

By me they nothing gaine, a

'Tis but the shortning of my

In thee thy Mother dyes, ou

My Deaths Reuenge, thy Yo

All these, and more, we haza

All these are sau'd, if thou w

Iohn. The Sword of Orle

These words of yours draw

On that aduantage, bought

To saue a paltry Life, and fl

Before yong Talbot from of

The Coward Horse that bea

And like me to the peasant Bo

To be Shames scorn, and fu

Surely, by all the Glorie you

And if I flye, I am not Talbo

Then talke no more of flight

If Sonne to Talbot, dye at T

Tal. Then follow thou th

Thou Icarus, thy Life to me

If thou wilt fight, fight by t

And commendable prou'd, a

*Alarum. Excursions,
Talbot*

Tal. Where is my other l

O, where's yong Talbot? v

Triumphant Death, smear'd

Yong Talbots Valour mak

When he percei'd me shrin

His bloodie Sword he bran

And like a hungry Lyon did

Rough deeds of Rage, and

But when my angry Guard

Tending my ruine, and as

Dizzie-ey'd Furie, and gre

Suddenly made him from n

Into the clust'ring Battail

And in that Sea of Blood, m

His ouer-mounting Spirit;

My Icarus, my Blossome, in

Enter with Ioh

Serv. O my deare Lord, le

Tal. Thou antique Death, w

Anon from thy insulting T

Coupled in bonds of perpe

Two Talbots winged throu

In thy despight shall scape